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SONGS OF HUNGER

THE CROWN, THE PLATE AND THE BOWL

You'll crown my head with a silver crown
You'll bring me food on a golden plate,
You'll offer me drink from a carven cup—
If only I bow me down.

But the crown was wrought by a wanton trull,
The gold was wrung from an harlot's hire,
The wine is blood, and the bowl you bring
Was carved from an human skull.

THE TEMPLE OF HUNGER

There's a temple, dark and silent,
Littered with dust and bone,
Where the countless hoards of the starving
Bow at the Lean God's throne.

In the chilling gloom by the altar,
Whence even hatred has fled,
Sits the God of Hunger gloating
Over tribute of starven dead.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Before him, and beaten and bitter,
From eastern and western lands,
Cringe the people the God of Hunger
Will crumple between his hands.

Silent they crouch and hopeless;
Each with a look that sees,
Each one but a stricken shadow,
Its forehead between its knees.

A RIDDLE

Bitter as tears
That for years
Are unshed;
Ashen and gray
As a day
That is dead;
Evil and ill,
With a chill
O' the vault;
Barren as beaches
God leaches
With salt;
Hopeless as morrows
In sorrows
Immersed;